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SHEPHERD MY THOUGHTS

BOOKS OF
FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.

WATCHING AN HOUR
THE HOLY HOUR IN GETHSEMANE
THE HEART OF THE GOSPEL
THE HEART OF REVELATION
MUSTARD SEED
CHAFF AND WHEAT
SHEPHERD MY THOUGHTS (*Verses*)

*Attractively bound in cloth,
16mo, net .75 each*

SHEPHERD MY THOUGHTS

THE VERSES
OF
FRANCIS P. DONNELLY



NEW YORK
P. J. KENEDY & SONS
1918

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Shepherd my thoughts.



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TO YOU

TIS a little gift that I give you,
But enshrining it, felt tho' unseen,
I give you another fair treasure,
Prized alike by the peasant or queen;
I give you what sweetens all language;
The beauty that haunts every scene;
The fountain that sends the blood rilling;
The blooming which keeps the heart green;
The dawn of the happiest daytimes;
The evening of memories serene;
The spur and the charm of endeavor;
Life's rest and life's rivalry keen;
I give what is yours in full measure—
With this goes my — Guess what I mean!

AT WORCESTER
COLLEGE OF THE HOLY CROSS
THE YEAR OF DIAMOND JUBILEE
1843-1918

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VERSES

SHEPHERD MY THOUGHTS

I WISH to pray and from the ceaseless war
Of worry summon forth the sweet delight
Of holy peace. Full easily from sight,
But scarcely from the soul, the world I bar.
My flocks of thoughts, how timorous they are!
They rush where fairer pasture lands invite,
Down easy hollows from the harder height;
And one and ninety-nine are lost afar.
Good Master, they are Thine and know Thy
voice;
Send it now sounding down the devious ways
And dark, where they have wandered from
Thy care.
Ah, surely they will harken and rejoice,
And thronging flock to meet Thy kindly
gaze;
Shepherd my thoughts and fold them into
prayer.

IN TRIALS

I PUT my frightened hand in Thine,
Father, and look to Thy dear face;
Stretching these childish steps of mine
To keep the measure of Thy pace.

ONCE MORE!

ONCE more the long rays flash from crest
to crest

Of changing clouds across the evening skies;

Once more the red sun fills me with surprise,
Sinking — the same and not the same — to
rest.

“Once more!” The phrase with hope is sweetly
blest;

For tho’ the day’s white brilliance slowly dies
From gold to grey before my wondering eyes,
I look for other sunsets in the west.

Past hopes, oh, what will fuse the flush of youth
Throughout your gloom and make you white
with day?

Past hopes of mine, you were, alas, in part
Of blind years born and paled with time and
truth,

Yet ere you merge into the twilight grey,
With sunset glory flood once more my heart.

HIS BOW IN THE CLOUDS

YES, span your sky with the rainbow arch
And seek where its bases rest;
Nor ever flag in your onward march,
Nor cool in your ardent quest.

What if the clouds should thickly roll
To darken the sky again,
Emblazon the bow on a daring soul
And plunge thro' the blinding rain.

Ah, aging years—they are wary and cold—
May on youth's fair visions frown,
And doubt of the hues and doubt of the gold
And doubt if the ends come down.

But on! You shall find the golden crock;
All your ships shall sail home to you,
And all your sheep to their fold shall flock,
And all of your dreams come true.

The Weaver Who wove that irised zone,
Who gives the heart hopes to hold,
He binds "a rainbow about His throne";
And "the street of His City is gold."

AND THEY WERE VERY GOOD

*“God saw all the things that he had made, and
they were very good.”*

CYNIC

YOU poets scan one star with eager eyes
And trace the narrow path its twinklings take
Across great space, or when your thirst you
slake,
Marvelling you watch the spring's bright
bubbles rise;
You follow dropping snow down from the skies
Until it weaves its fleeces flake by flake;
You search for haunts where first the flowers
awake
And cherish their remembrance as a prize.”

POET

“Must we crave pardon from a world’s finance
Because we love these things and reckon not
Profit and loss of season, sky and sod?
These trifles profitless have known the glance
Of their Creator. Blest the poet’s lot,
Rethinking the creative thoughts of God!”

CREATION

GOD'S purpose held thro' cycles long,
Awaiting a dawn sublime;
Then the sunlight of eternity
Broke o'er the hills of time.

THE FIRST FLOWER

BABE of the wood, the first flower of the
year,

Sprung from the darkened depths of seed
and root,

How lightly do you wear your swaddling
suit

While gently cradled by the breezes near!

The stream of life which finds new outlet here,
Has coursed thro' centuries of flower and
fruit;

In you again it rises to recruit
Its currents and again to disappear.
Awhile I pause upon life's mystery,
Caught by your new-born beauty as I roam,
And feel an awe commingling with delight.
We meet a moment as upon a sea;
You flash for me a sudden flake of foam,
Melting while I pass swiftly out of sight.

ENARRANT GLORIAM DEI

A SOWER scattered His golden grains
On heaven's barren ways
That men might reap from the starry plains
The harvests of His praise.

WHITLOW-GRASS

MARCH is here and winter's sting
Tingles yet in wind and mist;
March is here and with it Spring
Comes to keep its yearly tryst.

Bending head against the breeze,
Down along the path I pass —
There beneath the leafless trees
Shines the low, white Whitlow-Grass!

All the boisterous, misty storm
Sweeps not downward where you stay;
Bravely lift your fragile form,
Giving joy while yet you may.

White star of the floral dawn,
Brief and hopeful solace bring,
Ere your petals pale anon
Mid the myriad bloom of Spring!

TO A FRIEND

O H, time has done my green wood grievous
wrong
And fallen trunk and branch in mire
immersed;
From their black ooze, strange broods have
burst,
Buzzing amid the former haunts of song.
Rough ridges stretch their bleak, hot crags
along,
Nor all the showers of heaven can quench
their thirst.
The garden of my life with swamp is cursed
And desert, where the blossoms loved to
throng."

“Thy hand, my friend; and pick thy way
with me

Down where the drainage and the mould beget
The fragrance of the fair white violet.

A firmer grasp now! Up the rocks, and see!
The May-flowers trail and shed their sweetness
there!

Take heart! God's world reblossoms every-
where.”

CONSOLATION

THE world within my saddened heart
Is clouded everywhere,
Till all the gloom is riven apart,
By the golden shafts of prayer.

IN PAIN

I WAS baffled to understand
The mystery of sorrow and pain;
That to sever from even my blood
I must offer and never complain;
When Love showed His palm-pierced hand
And the wounds in His wearied feet;
Then my dark thoughts understood
That the shedding of blood is sweet.

“FRIEND, WHERE TO ART
THOU COME?”

LO, I am there in Gethsemane's hush,
And I now may stop one blood-red drop,
Or turn the press till the life-wine gush;
And Christ kneels waiting for me.

And my fingers are picking the sharp thorns
now;
One less may be pulled or one may be
dulled;
Or all may poignantly pierce His brow;
And Christ sits waiting for me.

The scourge poises quivering over its prey.

Shall its coils unfling for a venomous sting,
Or once be unfleshed and unbloodied today?

Ah, Christ stands waiting for me.

Come now, my soul, choose thy fateful part.

Wilt thou scoff and jeer and drive deep the
spear,

Or yield Him a mother's arms and heart?

Come, Christ hangs dying for thee!

THE SUN OF JUSTICE

CHRIST'S love flamed forth the brightest
On Calvary long ago,
And sank in a blood-red sunset
O'er the darkened hill of woe;
But its rays still touch the ages
With a heavenly after-glow.

“AS LITTLE CHILDREN”

A CHILD will knit his forehead like a sage
And gravely with pursed lip begin to con
His earliest lesson, slowly one by one,
Spelling the words whose mysteries engage
The perplexed thoughts of his unripened age.
Great is the toil until the task is done,
And eye and mind in happy unison
Glide on along the line and down the page.
Ah, there are letters in a larger book
Which baffle older heads, which patient faith
Alone can spell. Such are untoward events,
Life, sin and sorrow. Hopefully we look
Beyond, when riper wisdom after death
Shall read aright the page of Providence.

SERMONS IN SEEDS

LO! the Spring has its birth. In the dark,
softened earth

There is motion in silence and toil without
rest;

Where the heritage seed from the last year's
dead

Kept the pride of the Summer to come in its
breast;

Where now waked from its death by the
Spring's warm breath

The seed drives a shoot thro' the shroud of
the clay,

Pushing up thro' the gloom, slowly up from its
tomb,

Breaking out into life and the light of the
day;

Till the plant with new power reaches up to
the flower,

Irresistibly up to the flower full-blown;

Till the promise long hid in the heart of the
seed

Is brought to the fulness of life and its
crown.

Ah! down in the deep of the heart nigh asleep
Are there hidden no hopes for the true and
the good,

No longings for right that would fain see the
light,

Or urgings to higher things too long with-
stood?

Then beg the blest dower of the Saviour's
death hour,

Beg His Spring a dead will to awake and
control,

Till the wish, the heart's seed, be fulfilled in
the deed,

In the deed, the true flower of the life of the
soul.

THE OPTIMIST

EARTH'S widest realms have not the imperial sway

That he has won to his supreme control;
Nor Josue's might could make so long a day;
Never shall sunlight set within his soul.

HEPATICA

I SAW the lowly liver-leaf today
Unfold its purple petals to the Spring,
Timid but trustful, for the lingering sting
Of unthawed Winter checks profuse display.
No rival of tall sister-blooms of May,
It nestles down where Autumn's dead leaves
cling,
Too low for wild March winds roughly to
swing
Its loose-hung sheaf of blossoms bound with
clay.
Ah, worldlings, walk the woods for early
flowers,
Turning aside from fashion, war and trade,
To learn the lessons that will calm and bless:
How beauty should not brave ungenial powers;
How lowliness has charms which never fade;
How worth grows cheap thro' wanton com-
monness

TO THE END

WHEN every stream from every part
Had shed for us its crimson flood,
The spear was reddened in Christ's Heart
And drained the fountain-head of blood.

“THE HEART WATCHES”

THE sea comes surging in with troubled
breast,

And on the losing sand the sheets of tide
Fall prone, then, lifted farther, landward
slide

In restlessness forever unrepresst.

The ceaseless surface change of gulf and crest
Stirs not the inner waters pacified;

The sea's great heart there to its heavenly
guide

Sways, stately moving, but in stately rest.

So down below the pulse of wayward thought,

The flood of hope, the dark ebb of despair,

Below the fading foam of many a whim,

Deep in the spirit's depths calm love has sought

Its Lover, tending heavenward in prayer,

And every drop of heart-blood sways to Him.

THE DEBT

'T IS myself is proud of our land,
Its law and liberty;
But blood and brain and the smile in grief
And hope's sure gain and my heart's belief,
They came across the sea;
And the years of strife where my father strove,
And the sweets of life in my mother's love,
'Twas St. Patrick gave to Ireland,
And Ireland gave to me.

A PRESENT

TWO loving lads once planned a glad surprise

To please their father's heart. They would bestow

A gift on him, and many a whisper low
And long debating followed to devise
What gifts were best. But then their purse
supplies

Alas! no means. Dissembling they must go
Their father's help to ask; not shrewd to
know,

Blinded by love, that he their present buys.
Our Father, we are children; we possess
A childish mind; forget when we restore
Your gifts to You, that they were from above.
Yet You are patient with our childishness,
Willing to give us all the world and more,
If we but only give it back in love.

THE GOLDEN ROD

WITH brilliant plumes displayed on high,
The last ranks of the flowers pass by;
The golden-rod is far and nigh
 This crisp and crystal weather.
From golden sheaves to golden leaves
It welds a golden link that weaves
 The autumn months together.

Its thousand tiny fountains play,
I fancy, on this autumn day,
And spurt aloft their jets of spray,
 To sway in poising showers;
Or else I dream a cloud of gold
Across our autumn world has rolled
 And left its fleece for flowers.

In vain does fancy strive to show
The mysteries that from it flow,
That make my heart with gladness glow
And beat with rapture faster;
In vain such dreams would paint for me
Its beauty bending gracefully
Above the purple aster.

Alas! these golden glories must
Be dimmed into a faded rust;
And into floating points of dust
Its clustered lustre sever.
Its leaves must feel the winter's breath
And don the sombre shades of death
And pass from us forever.

EASTER

PEACE — and the stormy surges
Are calmed by divine behest;
Peace — and our sins' sharp scourges
Shall no more the spirit infest;
Peace — and the world emerges
From ruin to Easter rest.

HOPE

THE wide horizon of the world
Is flooded with the light,
Ere yet the golden orb of day
Has blazed upon the sight;
So heaven's dawn may break upon
Time's short, unhappy night,
And the clouds that roll within the soul
Will grow all silver white.

SONGS

TO CARDINAL MARTINELLI

OF old thy brothers knew thy worth,
As priest to teach, as priest to guide;
They hailed thee, father, round the earth;
They sang thy fame both far and wide.
And we their greeting are now repeating:
All hail our priest! Long life to thee!

Then fairer honors fell to thee,
A prelate made of our loved land,
And our loved land full joyously
Has blessed thy strong but gentle hand.
And we its greeting are now repeating:
Our prelate hail! Long life to thee!

Now princely power is given thee ;
A world its fealty has sworn,
And greets thy red-robed royalty,
World-rival to the red of morn.
And we that greeting are now repeating:
All hail our prince! Long life to thee!

WHAT AN IRISHMAN MEANS
BY MACHREE¹

PRAY come and interpret this Gaelic for
me,

And tell what an Irishman means by
‘Machree.’”

“’Tis the white of the day and the warmth of
the sun;

The ripple of waters that laughingly run;

The sweet bloom of youth, the harvest of years;

The gold of all smiles and the salt of all tears,

’Tis the thrill of the hand and the light of the
eye;

The glow of the cheek and the lip’s parting
cry;

’Tis mother; ’tis father; ’tis children and
wife;

The music of woman’s — the wine of man’s
— life;

'Tis all that he lives for and hopes for above;
'Tis an Irishman's heart making vocal his love;
The whole of creation and one isle in the sea: —
And that's what an Irishman means by
 'Machree.'”

. . .

TIS “Machree” that exults in a warm,
 throbbing heart,
When he takes his colleen until death do them
 part;
’Tis “Machree” that he croons to sweet,
 newly born charms,
When a wisp of a child nestles snug in his
 arms;
’Tis “Machree” that he feels in the twilight of
 days,
When himself and herself look far back on
 life's ways;
“Machree,” ah, is wrung from a heart an-
 guished sore,
If herself or the children have gone on before.

FOR AN ANNIVERSARY

Air: Flow gently, sweet Afton

O H, seasons on seasons have travelled their
way
With rich showers of sunshine and brief veils of
grey,
Since back in the years that have spread wing
and flown,
Enlisted and fighting you stood with God's
own.
A gladness has shone round your numerous
days
And tho' some dark sadness at times dimmed
its rays,
Yet laughter erelong looked the brighter thro'
tears,
For God's love has blessed you these many
long years.

Not alone for yourself was the good boon of
joy;

Not alone for yourself was the kind, cloudless
sky;

On others the tide of God's gifts you bestowed
As full in the ebbing as once in the flood.

So now for the saddened whose days you made
glad,

For us who have shared all the treasures you
had,

We sing loving thanks as this fair day appears
And bless God who blest you for many long
years.

PURPLE AND SILVER

*For Rt. Rev. Thomas D. Beaven's
Episcopal Jubilee*

Air: Cahiramee (Gaelic Melody)

THE dawn's empurpling clouds, blanching
to silver white,
Bring all their beauty here to gladden your
Jubilee;
The purple shades of eve, silver stars of night,
Bring all their beauty here to gladden your
Jubilee.
While time slipped away, time of toil and fray,
Many the hearts you blest this quarter a
century;
The fair and grateful days sing their Father's
praise,
Bring all their beauty here to gladden your
Jubilee.

The clusters of purple grape daily chaliced and
shed

Harvest their fruitage here to hallow your
Jubilee;

The grains of golden wheat silvered in altar-
bread

Harvest their fruitage here to hallow your
Jubilee;

Priesthood's holy type, crushed when fair and
ripe,

Offered day by day this quarter a century!

The bread and wine made Christ, as Priest you
sacrificed;

Now with their fruitage rich they hallow
your Jubilee.

The Shepherd's purple and crook, guarding
the fold in peace,

Tell of the gain of years enriching your
Jubilee;

The flock of your shepherding, souls of a silver
fleece,

Tell of the gain of years enriching your
Jubilee.

Cloistered nun and priest, loftiest and least,

Thronging flock to bless your quarter of
century,

And hearts from every home hailing their
Bishop come;

Tell of the gain of years enriching your
Jubilee.

The work and wisdom of time coins to silver
your hair;

Hail, Son of Holy Cross, welcome your
Jubilee!

And health thro' your every vein purples in
vintage rare;

Hail, Son of Holy Cross, welcome your
Jubilee!

Silver our voices ring; warm is the love we sing,
Pride of our hearts and friend this quarter a
century;

The Purple waves o'er you, Purple for comrade
true;

Hail, Son of Holy Cross, welcome your
Jubilee!

FATHER O'KANE

Golden Jubilee of M. A. O'Kane, S.J.

Air: Larry O'Gaff

WHITE harvests were glistening,
And the call found you listening;
When of old you went hastening
Down Linden Lane.
Now 'neath its gold leaves for us
What your reaping achieves for us,
You bring in gold sheaves for us,
Father O'Kane!

CHO. Ah, 'tis you have the way with you
That makes our hearts gay with you,
Laughing all day with you
And the next day again.
God keep the eyes dry in you,
And hush every sigh in you,
Till heaven puts its joy in you,
Father O'Kane.

All the minds you have brightened and
The souls you have whitened and
The hearts you have lightened and
Freed from their pain,
From the past they come winging now;
Their thanks they are bringing now,
And with us they are singing now,
Father O'Kane!

Here are brothers who treasure you,
And a home glad to pleasure you,
And warm hearts that measure you
Far beyond the world's gain.
Holy Cross unites cheers in you;
Son and Father reveres in you,
And crowns fifty years in you,
Father O'Kane!

THE FLAG OF OUR SKIES

Air: Pontifical March of Gounod

RED with the brightness
That flames the sky at coming morn;
White with the whiteness
That floods the day when fully born;
Blue with the azure
Of heaven and its starry host;
Hail to our treasure,
Our flag, our love, our proudest boast!

Then let it float with the glories of the skies,
And let it roll far on high its white and its
red united bars;

Fling out its folds for the storm king it defies;
And let it flash through the gloom all the
lightning of its silver stars.

Aye, let it float with its hues from the skies
above it,

With the red of the dawn, the white of the
day, the blue of the night, we love it.

Wave it, proudly wave it;
With your life's blood gladly save it;
Praise God Who gave it,

The flag of the good and the true.
Round it now bravely stand,
Guard it ever with a strong right hand;
Love the banner of your native land,
The Red, White and Blue.

THE SERVICE FLAG²

BE our Service Flag unfurled
For our brothers thro' the world,
Who in battle bravely muster
To emblazon freedom's lustre;
Who, wherever they may be,
Are revered in memory,
Where our banner keeps the cluster
Of their stars.

CHO. Pray heaven stay beside them,
And ever safely guide them,
And o'er all danger tide them,
To come back in glory;
They have heard their country's call;
They have given her their all;
And our flag enshrines the story
In their stars.

It was Service bade them come;
They have gone from out our home;
All the links of life are broken,
And the parting word is spoken;

And for us they spend their breath,
And for us they march to death,
And for us they leave a token
In their stars.

With the rifle and the blade,
With the shell and hand-grenade,
With the great propellers twirling
Thro' the wind and water whirling,
With their healing and their prayer,
They are serving everywhere;
And our banner waves unfurling
All their stars.

Let the starry flag unroll
For the Service of their soul,
For their fervor flaming ever,
For their hearts' supreme endeavor!
They shall cross red fields of fight
To the peaceful field of white,
Where our love forgets them never
In their stars.

A SONG FOR FORDHAM MEN 3

THEN here's a health to Fordham,
The builder of our blood!
For your high honor, Fordham,
Our rivals are withstood;
Upon your campus, Fordham,
We grapple in the fight,
And from the fray we bear away
The victory of might.

CHO. Then Fordham's honored name
With loyal love proclaim;
And lift your voice, my brother;
Sing the fair fame of your mother;
And pledge to dear old Fordham
The measure of full praise,
That tongue to tongue shall roll along
Thro' all the coming days.
And here's long life to Fordham,
The moulder of our mind!
You light the darkness, Fordham;
You teach us who were blind;

Your kind hands guide us, Fordham,
Along the paths of lore,
And out to life and out to strife
We march with you before.

Here's warmth of love to Fordham,
The kindler of our heart!

You give us friendships, Fordham,
That never shall depart.

Alas! We leave you, Fordham,
With hands unclasping hands;
But hearts are right and hearts unite
Across the seas and lands.

All glory to great Fordham
Inspirer of our soul!

We bend in reverence, Fordham,
To bless your high control.

You raised our visions, mother,
Above the clay and clod,
And gave us zest to dare the best
For country and for God.

SPRING SONG

LOOK, valley and hill with a new ardor
thrill,

And thousands of flowers they bring,
While the balm of the air breathes sweet here
and there;

But, ah, somewhere else there is Spring.
From quickening root up to ruddy, ripe fruit,
Fairest blossoms grow sweetly today;
And the bloom of the heart flings its petals
apart

And unfolds to the love of its May.

Oh, the Spring, you may see, the old, old Spring,
Every year when the snows depart;
But, ah, there has come a new, new Spring,
That shall ever be sweet in the heart.

Hark, the wood and the lane have their voices
again,
And the birds in wild revelry sing,
Till each musical cry win somewhere a reply;
But, ah, somewhere else there is Spring.
From chords throbbing deep, sweet harmonies
leap
And whispers go winging away;
Hark, out of the heart echoed melodies start
And answer the love of its May.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE

FIFTY years of working for the Master,
Full of joy or sorrow tho' they be,
Fifty years of service claim rejoicings;
And we keep a Golden Jubilee.

At the dawn the gold is on the mountains;
'Tis the herald of the coming day.
In the eve the crests of clouds are golden;
'Tis the glory ere the drear decay.

But our life has here no other dawning,
Nor shall splendor clothe man's evening
years.

It was not the gold of night or morning
Gave this happy time the name it bears.

Nay, we saw the fruitful yield of Autumn,
Mellow with the sunlight garnered in;
And we give this time the name of golden,
Which its half-a-hundred harvests win.

WAR SONG

*Written for a play concerning the Indian
Missionaries*

IN the thick of the glade we have ground
the bright blade

And the feel of it thrills us with rapture,
As with stealthy tread like the feet of the dead
We follow the foe to their capture.

Let not a twig break lest the Huron awake
And lose us the vengeance we cherish;
But nigher and nigher we will creep to their fire
Till they wake to our blades and all perish.

War, war, great spirit of war,
Lover of vengeance, come, thrill us,
Till the foe meet their fate and our hatred
we sate;
With the might of revenge, come, fill us.

Ha, see they arise benumbed by surprise,
And in scattering terror we rush them;
Hand to hand thro' the night we clutch in the
 fight
Till we beat them to earth and we crush them.
Then at last we're supreme at the dawn's red
 beam,
While redder the captured town blazes;
Then at last the glad shout rings exulting about
And we chant war's victorious praises.

War, war, great spirit of war,
Victorious spirit, come thrill us,
Till the foe meet their fate and our hatred
 we sate;
With the might of your triumph, come, fill
 us.

Oh, the battle we bless with the sweets of
 success,
With the bliss that from vengeance emerges;
And exultant we feel at the grip of the steel
When the lust of the fight madly urges;
But the glorying boast o'er the foe's routed host
Gives us day after day newer pleasure,
And homeward we tread with the spoils of the
 dead
That our proud hearts forever shall treasure.

War, war, spirit of war,
Bringer of booty, come, thrill us,
Till the foe meet their fate and our hatred
 we sate,
With the might of your riches, come, fill us.

PEACE SONG

*Written for a play concerning the
Indian Missionaries*

COME, morn, from the reddening sky
After the gloomy night;
Break, light, thro' the clouds on high,
Speeding the storm to flight.
The roaring gales are whispering low;
The echoes of thunder cease;
The world is white with cheerful glow;
This is the day of peace.

Peace, peace, let its gladness shine;
And give us the war's surcease;
Where the lips prolong the light heart's song
At the silver day of peace.

Loose, Winter, the icy chain
That fetters with death the earth;
Wing, Spring, in glad flight again,
Wooing the lands to birth;
Till hollow and hill with new life fill,
And flower and fruit increase;
And the tall green maize its tassels displays;
This is the harvest of peace.

Peace, peace, let its gladness grow;
And give us the war's surcease;
Where the lips prolong the light heart's song
At the golden harvest of peace.

Home, home, we welcome you home,
Near to the family fire;
No more on war's path to roam
Away from our hearts' desire.
Oh, fathers and brothers with us abide
And our captive spirits release,
Till we laugh with you by our mother's side
In the happy homes of peace.

Peace, peace, let its gladness come,
And give us the war's surcease
Where the lips prolong the light heart's song
In the happy homes of peace.

FROM THE ALTAR

GIVE ear, tho' louder and louder the din,
And the world surges wild about; —
Give ear to My call where I yearn within,
Where I knock that I may come out:
Out where you labor and labor on,
Out to your pain's surcease,
Out till the storm be over and gone,
And you rest in refreshing peace.

Give closer ear to the beat upon beat
You may hear if you hold not apart.
No roughened hands do the sounds repeat;
'Tis the pulse of My Heart on your heart.
Let me enter into My only home,
In where no warmth is denied;
In to your love, say "Come," say, "Come,"
Till My Heart in your heart abide.

EVENING SONG

CURFEW chimes have stilled their pealing,
And the world in slumber lies;
Sweetest dreams o'er men are stealing;
Starlit are the darkened skies.
Peace and joy of heart possess you!
Sweetest dreams forever bless you,
Till reveille's ringing horn
Wakes the echoes of the morn!

Thro' the pale and purple even
Clearly shines the moon's fair light;
Countless are the stars of heaven
Gleaming thro' the gloom of night.
Heaven gives us other brightness,
Gives our hearts a gladsome lightness.
Sweet the promise of that ray,
Promise of eternal day.

Sweetly sleep till dawning morrow,
Wake you with its glad, red glow;
Sweetly sleep, all free from sorrow,
Free from care and vexing woe.
Peace and joy of heart possess you!
Sweetest dreams forever bless you,
Till the Lord's reveille horn
Wakes you to unending morn!

VERSES

COMPENSATION

PURGED clean of the ash and the clinker,
The flame to sheer lustre is brought;
For the wassail and warmth of the drinker
The wine-press has cruelly wrought;
Faint not nor flinch, toiling thinker,
Joy waits on the birth-pangs of thought.

DIFFICULTIES, NOT DOUBTS

AH, Lord, dark questionings my life perplex,
Entangling me in mazes of deceit;
Yet grant, tho' many things my reason vex,
My heart may keep forever at Thy feet.

OUT OF THE MOUTH OF INFANTS

WHEN some great wonder meets an
infant's eyes
Ere yet his growing powers are unbound
From slowly loosening fetters, then full
round
Open his eyelids in alarmed surprise;
And struggling with his feebleness he tries
To give this wondrous truth thus newly found
Full utterance in one word, one crowded
sound,
Scarce different from his first unmeaning cries.
We struggle, too, O God, with thoughts of Thee,
To give them tongue, to bring within our
reach
The few, faint rays flashed from Thy mystery,
In helpless volumes darkly mirroring each.
Our infant minds of Thy infinity
Can only babble in weak human speech.

TONGUES IN TREES

A MULTITUDE of crumpled leaves sprang
forth,

Spreading their brighter faces to the sun;
And on their youth a snow of blossoms fell,
Flowers of fair promise melting one by one.

Full gladly borne by ever sinking boughs
The fruit went ripening to its golden prime,
Flushed to the rind with ruddy mellowness,
And swollen with the sweets of summer-time.

Bare tree, you mourn now in the winter gale;
Thrice shorn, you long to have your triple
crown.

The winds have all your blossoms, all your
leaves;

Your better gifts on us were showered down.

Why mourn that youth's brief bloom has
faded quite,

That life for you is sere and perishing?

If life's decay was blest with fruitfulness,

Be glad tho' you should see no other Spring.

IN THE FOURTH WATCH

WHEN the dark, impending future shapes
into a spectral form,

And the heart leaps out all vocal in a cry,
From the gloom and threatening shadows,
ruling o'er the risen storm,

Comes the Master's peaceful whisper, "It
is I."

UNLESS THE GRAIN OF
WHEAT DIE

HIS Mother! Had I not well understood,
When all His weakness fondly clung to me
And I upon His clouded infancy
Lavished the full warm dawn of motherhood;
Or when my soul surged high, cresting the flood
Of mother pride and mother sympathy,
While He in gracious strength thro' Galilee
Trod His unwearying ways of constant good?
His Mother! What rills else enriched that
spring? —

Then Satan's fury ruthless at Him drove
And flung across my knees my bleeding
Lord

Naked and helpless for new mothering.

I knew at last death quickens perfect love
Out of dark heart-depths harrowed by the
sword.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

FROM heaven world-ward came the morn
And found along the reddening sky
One cloud that caught a far-sent ray
And flashed all silver upon high.
First herald of the light new-born,
It won and gave to waiting earth
All the bright glory of the day,
Which thro' its fleeces came to birth.

A lily fell from heaven's hand,
Upborne upon a cleansing flood.
Straightway it widened full and white
Without a taint in seed or bud
Far from the sullyng touch of land,
It shone like one lone star apart,
And all its beauty, all its light
Glowed for the new bud in its heart.

Shadows we find where'er we roam
From whitest flower to whitest cloud;
Shadows, not symbols. Mary came
Alone with spotlessness endowed,
In her God built his crystal home
And sought what He found not above,
A heart where burned in one pure flame
A maiden's and a mother's love.

HUMILITY

THE fairest soul with its brilliancy,
Like a blanching star on the brow of day,
Is dimmed in the face of Deity
And shorn of its lustre fades away.

NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER

THE chill of these drear days is in my blood,
Creeping thro' all the myriad ways of sense,
And numbs the heart. The unkind elements
Drive me in gladness to my fire of wood.
Is it the chill alone that works this mood
Within me or the visions vanished hence,
Leaving on tree and field sad evidence
Of Summer's beauty and of Autumn's good?

December, come and with thy sharper breath
Make clear the sky and bright the gloomy air,
Sweeping the mists from mouldering woods
and fells;
Unstrip the world of draperies of death,
Spread your own crystal glories everywhere,
And wake the saddened heart with Christmas
bells.

WHY NOT?

OH, may sadness quit the soul of you,
And gladness have control of you,
And solace soothe the whole of you,
 This blessed, blessed day!
'Tis her spirit you inherit
And her good, warm heart you share it,
Tho' far is dear old Ireland, far away.

THE VOICES OF THE IRISH ⁴

THE Voices of the Irish!" Hear them still,
Great Saint, not crying from one island's
shore,
But echoing heavenward the whole world
o'er,
Far from the green of Erin's vale and hill!
Pulpit or Parliament their strong tones fill;
Hark, they outshout the cannon's rancorous
roar;
Hotly they barter on trade's crowded floor,
And home and cloister with their sweetness
thrill.
Lose not one whisper of one Irish voice!
Ah, multiply thy old apostleship
And Tara's cooling embers reinspire!
All saddened eyes will brighten and rejoice,
And every hand be pure and every lip,
When every heart is lit with thy new
fire.

THE TEACHER

T IRED, tired, he flings a truth to some
small class;
One soul's deep sparkles; then, alas, is still.
Not so! Afar the widening ripples pass,
And all life's currents with that one truth
thrill.

TO MOTHER M. XAVIER ⁵

BLESS with the splendor white of God's
new shrine

Your golden yield of half a century;

And, Mother, for past days and days to be
Let love fulfilled and promised love entwine

In praise and pledges, while the vested line

Of blessing priests and cloistered charity

Fill with the grateful voice of jubilee

The hallowed arches and the spires divine.

Hark! echoes answer from an ampler dome

Where healed and fed and taught and child-
hearts cry

Their joyous thanks for all your toil and
tears:

Temple of charity, God's earth-wide home,

Whose base is everywhere, whose roof the
sky,

Whose sacrifice you are these fifty years.

BE MY VALENTINE!

YOUR valentine? Be a caricature,
Where horrible scrawls and daubs combine
A laugh to raise or a fault to cure?
Thus shall I be your valentine?

Your valentine? Be a madrigal,
Protesting devotion in every line,
With ribbons and lace about it all?
Thus shall I be your valentine?

Your Valentine? Be that martyr Saint,
Whose heart died throbbing with love divine,
Who shall hearten your soul if it droop and
faint?
Oh, thus should I be God's Valentine.

VANITY OF VANITIES

THE irised bubble but glints and breaks:

There is vapidness stored in the new-made
wine;

The sunsets gloom where the red dawns shine,
And blight taints the bud ere its beauty wakes.

The sad lips quiver in laughter loud;

In your very welcome you kiss and part;

You can sense its hush in the throbbing
heart,

And your swaddling clothes foretell your
shroud.

The lusciousness tempts your enamored eyes;

Your lips are liquid with rills of bliss;

You taste and, alas, hear the mocking hiss,

And a flaming sword hides Paradise.

TEMPTATION

WHILE the scurrying rack of the storm-
cloud sweeps
Across the spirit's darkened deeps,
Rebellious to the will's control,
O'er all the rout as it hurries by
Shines ever fair the untroubled sky
In loftier heights of the ruling soul.

ON HEARING LOUD LAUGHTER

YOU laugh too loud and far too bravely
flaunt

Your mirth that rustles with the stiffness
crude

Of new-worn fabrics, fitting not the mood
Like homelier joys that feel no need of vaunt.
You laugh too loud — as if with sound to
daunt

Misgivings dark that o'er the spirit brood,
Or with forced boasts to steel the heart pur-
sued

By sad remorse and cowed by spectres gaunt.
Secure in their own permanence, true joys

Want not the over-loud advertisement
Of laughter, ever on the verge of noise,
To keep them living, but in hushed content
They dwell, in all that wondrous equipoise
Of master soul and sense in service bent.

A WISH

MAY sorrows rest upon thy breast
As lightly as the shadows rest
Upon a flowing stream;
May all thy ways and all thy days
Be bright as sunny river ways
And with life's currents teem!

FOREBODINGS

THE sun went down in the Western sky,
And the broad, dark tide of night
Came surging in across the world,
And drowned in its flood were day and light.

A wind came out of the Western hills
And stirred the shadowy leaves with its
breath;
In the heart of the wind was a chill and a fear
As if it breathed from the lips of death.

I closed the door with a careful hand
And warmed my heart with the fire-side
gleams,
Lest the shadows that on my spirit fell
Should brood on the path of my dreams.

THE RAINBOW

THE glad sun flashes a golden face
Thro' the fleeting drops of rain;
And the rainbow, hope, by sweet heaven's
 grace
Crowns the tears of earthly pain.

THE VICTORY

LET all time's saddening misbelief march
out,

Dreams of false science, brilliance of dissent,
Unriddled facts, whatever subtleties invent
To drive faith's weakness to the edge of rout;
Let loose the deadly phalanxes of doubt

Madly to storm at every battlement,
While all the hideous air is rent
With jeering mockery and blatant shout. —
Then baffled reason seems to yield retreat;
But should the soul chill to the touch of
death

Or bleed with some deep wound of grief,
'Tho' the dazed mind were crushed by trampling
feet,

The yearning heart would whisper with last
breath;

“Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief.”

PROMISE

So red a rose
There never was seen,
As when it shows
Thro' the bud-bars green.

A GROWTH OF MANY YEARS

I SEE a scene of twenty years ago.
Is it a branch ridged with belated snow;
Or the first waters of the tide of Spring
That here on high a fringe of foam upfling;
Or prophet of the dawn from Winter's night
Threading one dark cloud's edge with prescient
white;
Or strings of pearl on pearl set on a spray,
From strange deeps dredged, from flower-shell
torn away?
Look, 'tis a bridal wreath, and I alone
Am blessed to view the bride that Spring has
won!
White petals, promising a June's red yield,
You came to richer fruit on stranger field.
I saw a shad-bush flower years ago,
And every day new visions from it grow.

FAITH

THE dim short vision of the eye
Cannot aspiring hearts control
Or narrow to its little sky
The wide horizon of the soul.

AND HIS OWN LIFE ALSO

WHAT, must I ever whet the altar knife,
My God and Father? Oh, relent, relent!

Wouldst Thou have every tie be rudely rent,
Of blood, of friendship, mother, child or wife?
Must heart-beat with its fellow beat have
strife,

And will the edge of war's arbitrament
Thro' raw, thro' quick, thro' quivering soul
be sent,

Unto the parting of my life from life?

Alas! but Thou wilt have it so with me,

Blending sweet solace with the bleeding
smart,

And forging weakness to the strength of
Christ,

Bleak Bethlehem, and darkest Calvary,

And spear that slays the slain, teach my
faint heart:

Love is best love when love is sacrificed.

THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING

GOD tells the story
Of His lore and glory
In the light of the stars above;
But hark to the beat
Of His Heart repeat
The tale of His wondrous love.

ALL THINGS UNTO GOOD

FATHER, who clasp a son's unanswering
hand;

And, mother, counting over one by one
The laggard hours since she you loved has
gone

And left you with the dust of all you planned;
And, every heart, where love is lit and fanned
Or dies to ashes cold; and you, undone

With Magdalen's excess nor yet rewon;
Oh, be not blind, look up and understand!
The iris glittering on the stagnant pool,
All hues that wake love's smiling or love's
tears,

Splendid in cloud or sordid in the clod, —
Heaven's shattered glories — put your hearts
to school

And glean for you the shadowy gleam of
years

To winnow thence the sunlight love of God.

CONFIDENCE

I SEE not far thro' the gloom of the night;
And shadows lie thick on the path I tread;
'Tis step by step with my lantern light;
But God is there in the dark ahead.

TO A PORTRAIT

LAUGHTER should shine within thy
gracious eyes,

And o'er thy lips the gleams of gladness play

Forever, and a rapturous joy array

Thy face in glowing dawn's resplendent guise.

Part not those lips in sorrow's faintest sighs.

No! there should sweet mirth ripple all the
day,

As in a sun-lit spring, bubbling away

Thro' golden sands, the silver waters rise.

Say not such kindliness conceals a tomb,

Or that a sad heart chokes mirth's fountain-
head

Or veils the radiant source of joy in gloom.

Forbid it, Lord, whose Heart, uncomforted

For our content, went throbbing to Its doom

And wore the brow of calmness, while It
bled.

SANCTITY

ACROSS the soul the rays
Of purer sunlight enter in;
And lo! the startled gaze
Detects the floating motes of sin.

SWEET CHARITY

THE sunlight floods the granite's face
And gilds each granite nook,
Eager to peer in every place
And catch an answering look —
One answering look for all its beams
In recompense to take.
Lo! back a glance of radiance gleams,
Flashed from a mica flake.

Ah, Christian love is lavish too
In golden showers poured,
Earnest to rival and outdo
The largess of the Lord —
The largess of His crimsoned cross,
Which taught sweet charity
To seek, to find mid wastes of dross
Gold grains of brilliancy.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

THE firelight of Christmas has danced in
your home.

And its flickering gave you a merry heart;
The sunlight of Easter shall dancing come,
And peace to all of the world impart.

There is space between for the Messenger
Saint,

For Valentine, foe of all enmities,
Who shall feed love's fire that it grow not faint,
While the days are faring from mirth to
peace.

THE TEMPLES OF THE SPIRIT

THE great cathedrals of the olden time
Were centuries in building. Many a hand
Laid stone on stone, and many a master
planned

Each glorious part from base to belfry chime.
Ages of faith, which reckoned it a crime
With hurried heaps of rock to weight the
land!

Building for God, they built His temple
grand
With lavishness of years, with art sublime.

Loyola with the same large faith and trust
Bade us put length of life and wealth of love
Into the temples of his modelling.
No one day's tinsel, made to-morrow's dust,
Could satisfy his master-mind, which strove
For ever greater glories of his King.

PRAAYER

F IRED by a tiny spark of love,
Yet may some dull cold grains of prayer,
Send widening clouds to heaven above
And spread a fragrant incense there.

BLOOD-ROOT

THE starry blood-roots from the earth have
 flashed,
 Some clustering in snow-white galaxies,
 Some in lone splendor 'neath the trees,
Whose bare boughs still by boisterous winds
 are clashed.
Awhile in modest loveliness abashed
 They scarce disclose their beauties to the
 breeze;
 Awhile — and then bedraggled fineries,
Stamens and petals disarrayed are dashed
Downward at every breath. Could they and
 all
Earth's charms stay ever young and promising,
Ever with budding joys that never pall,
The heart enthralled would there contented
 cling;
But, ah, for us the flowers of promise fall
And never comes again our faded Spring.

OBEDIENCE

WHAT care I who the bearer be
That lifts the flag on high;
I follow fighting where I see
God's standard in the sky.

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

INSENSIBLY the whisper of the breeze
Comes thro' the wood. A moment and no
more

The light leaves sway, then dangle as before,
And hushed are drooping millions on the trees.
But hurrying on with gathered energies,
Mark how that wind o'er distant lands may
roar,

Lash the white breakers on the rocky shore
And strew with scattered wrecks the stormy
seas.

When the first throbs of feeling subtly glide
Thro' drowsy hates or loves and sound their
call,

Insistent that the lawless brood obey,
They are wind-whispers of a whirlwind day
When passion may make havoc far and wide
And a wild tempest ruin and scatter all.

THE FROST

TOUCHING woods with wonder,
Tints of gold and red;
Cleaving burs asunder,
Brown nuts' ermine bed;
Spinning webs of crystal,
Where the pools lie still;
Making green spears bristle
Up the wind-swept hill;
Solvent sweet and tender,
Should fruits linger yet;
Forging tinkling splendor
On the boughs rain-wet;

Blanching fervid breathing
 Into vaguest snow;
Cheek and cheek enwreathing
 With life's ruddy glow;
Blessings thickly cluster,
 O'er a wide world tossed;
Music, hue and lustre —
 Well done, God's good frost!

A PRAYER

MAY never an evil do you wrong,
Prays myself for yourself;
And sweet be your ears with Irish song,
Prays myself for yourself;
Ten thousands of friends around you throng;
The clasp of their hands be warm and strong;
The love of their hearts enfold you long,
Prays myself for yourself.

IN MEMORIAM

IN VAIN

MOTHER, how often do I close my eyes,
Struggling with memories of time or place,
To see before my heart thy dearest face
In all its living loveliness arise!
But vain, forever vain love's enterprise!
One only image can my mind retrace;
There — there — within the coffin's strait-
ened space
Thy likeness cold in death before me lies.
Why did I take that last sad view of thee,
And let the shadow of the tomb eclipse
All visions which my earlier days supplied?
Else still thy fondest gaze were bent on me,
And still thy tender cheeks, thy smiling lips
With mother's love for me were glorified.

W. J. D.

THE bloom has paled to purple on his cheek;
The light has darkened in his eyes;
The lips no longer part to speak;
Death has its prize;
He is gone.

The busy mart of thought is stilled, and dead
The fire that in the heart was bright;
The sunlit hopes of youth have fled
Before the night;
He is gone.

We think him near; we turn to see his smile
And hear his cheery voice; or seem
To touch his hand, but all the while
We idly dream —
He is gone.

Gone with the calmness born of trusting faith,

Gone with his parting breath a prayer,

Out through the noiseless gates of death

Away from care,

He is gone.

Yet memory can a restful solace give,

His nature still can with us stay,

And in a hundred modes can live,

His kindly way,

Who is gone.

If what we loved in him becomes our own,

If all his winning gentleness

Be ours, until we still our moan

And feel it less

That he's gone.

And thus in time with prayer for one so dear,

It may seem like old days again

Ere we had ever thought to hear

That sad refrain,

He is gone.

SAMUEL H. FRISBEE, S.J.

I

THE hidden wild flowers die in loveliness
Unplucked, and forest silences with song
Reechoing not for long — ah! not for long —
Are hushed to their primeval silences.
None now will dare untrodden paths to guess,
Or wandering win new joy in guessing wrong;
None now will lead afield the studious throng
Till nature soothes their cares with sweet
caress.
We bear it that he does not call the roll,
That tireless steps have gone their last long
walk,
That we are loitering guideless at the
start;
But oh, dear God, we miss his childlike soul,
Which bubbled forth in rills of cheery talk;
We mourn the song and sunshine of his
heart.

The bond that bound us in true brotherhood
 Of song and joyance over plain and hill
 Is snapt. The heart of all our hearts is still,
 And a sharp pang has chilled the circling blood
 That warmed from it. Must we by field and
 flood

Wander no more or quaff the distant rill
 No more? Hark! Heard you not the
 warning shrill
 To meet our guide ahead within the wood?

Alas! too far ahead! The woodland springs
 Have lost their sweetness; gloom our way
 bedims,
 And laughing song is hushed to a sad
 moan.

Oh, guide along the path to higher things,
 Revealing living streams and angel hymns,
 You are ahead with God, and we, alone!

TO A MOTHER

BRENDA, Brenda,
Thwarted bud of flower,
Crushed to rarer fragrance,
Weakened unto power!
Sounding depths of sweetness,
In a mother's heart,
Which hid unguessed treasures
To less searching art;
In a father's sternness
Baring seams of gold;
Winning to thy weakness
Hundreds to enfold;
Sobering life's folly
By the cloud of fears;

Tempering life's laughter
In a bath of tears;
Pity filled its fountains;
Love leaped into flame;
Knighthood donned its armor,
When thy frailness came.
Time grows fruit of evil,
What shall heaven grow?
God withheld so much, dear,
What shall God bestow?
Brenda, Brenda,
Unblown bloom of flower,
Yielding heavenly fragrance,
Weakened unto Power!

TO A YOUNG PATRIOT

Killed at Vera Cruz, April 21, 1914

DANIEL, Judea's seer, gave him high
sight,
To view through mists of blood the dawn of
light;

And Aloysius, Italy's white bloom,
Upheld him to his sacrificial tomb;

And Haggerty unloosed the lava fires
That flowed volcanic from his Irish sires.

America, take thou the garnered yield
Of Christian, Catholic and Celtic field!

SEMPER PARATUS

In memory of William O'Brien Pardow, S.J.

SOLDIER, thy voice rang out across the
strife,

A shrill rebuke to laggards in the fray,
Or trumpeted My summons to obey,
Thrilling the wearied brave with conquering
life.

Healer, thy whispered lore with health was rife;
Thy gentle touch probed to the soul's decay
And plucked the menace of its death away
Beneath the sweet, sharp kindness of the knife.
Onward the fight to newer regions rolls;

The wounded seek out other charity,
Traveling beyond the comfort of thy word.

My pulpit knight, physician of My souls,
Come, thou must let them pass; come now
to Me!

Art thou then ready? "I am ready,
Lord."

“DEATH AND THE SCULPTOR”

A monument by Daniel Chester French

BRING not frail blossoms with your dread
intent

To stay, dark death, the sculptor's eager
hands;

The sphinx is his unwithering monument,
Immortal mystery on the shifting sands.

VERSES

SURSUM CORDA!

RISE, ever upward, rise, aspiring soul!
Pause only for brief breath and keener zest
Where vistas glimpsing wider interest,
Thrill with the prescience of a perfect goal.
Up, up! Encircling views still, still unroll!
Scale cliffs and peaks until both east and
west
And south and north the vision unrepres-
Soars like an eagle with a world's control.
Cease not aspiring, but still upward rise
Spurning life's precipices with high strife,
Conquering far o'er the conquered steeps
you trod
Until you roll away entombing skies,
And win the pinnacles of endless life,
Enraptured with an unhorizoned God.

THE HEART OF A VALENTINE

ALL parted friends are too far apart
And over their parting repine,
And they borrow the flaring hues of art,
And they glean the poet's most ardent line,
And meet in the gift of a crimson heart,
In the heart of a valentine.

But you and I fairer messages send
And holier bonds intertwine;
Our mutual prayers shall meet and blend
In a trysting place divine;
And the heart of a friend greet the heart of a
friend
In the heart of St. Valentine.

HOMER

HOMER, no grander music rolls than thine,
Nor sweeter, fresher numbers ever flowed.

The brook's clear murmur on its pebbly road
And ocean's thunder sound along thy line.

Bright too as changeful rays of sunset shine
From out some darkening cloud, thy light
has glowed

Thro' the sole rent of clouded time, and
showed

Thy soul's creations human and divine.

No lips, Greek bard, e'er moulded gentler song,
Nor ever voiced a measure more sublime.

Hence all that wondrous world of thine
became

The land of poetry; its people throng

The lordliest verse of every tongue and
clime;

Yet thou, they strangely say, art but a
name.

QUEEN OF THE EVANGELISTS

DAY by day in living letters written,
Love and sorrow tracing each its part,
Slowly grew a mother's life of Jesus,
Mary's fuller gospel of the heart.

IN PRAYER

LORD, when in quiet prayer, I go apart
To speak to Thee, my busy thoughts begin
To gossip of the world; and hurrying in
On every side, hopes, fears most strangely start
Within me. Far, too far from me Thou art,
Altho' my deafened soul would gladly win
A hushed repose from all this worldly din,
A silent talk with Thee, from heart to heart.
O God, Thou wilt be kind, divinely mild;
For whilst my spirit thus confusedly
Wanders, Thou art its goal and Thou
alone —
So, like a mother with her toddling child,
Catch up the heart that stumbles towards
Thee
And take it in both hands unto Thine
own.

THRO' A GLASS IN A DARK
MANNER

NOT where His stars are spilt in golden
dust,

Not in the stately march from hour to hour
Of myriad suns, nor where the dark clouds
lower,

Masking the flash, the peal, the storm's swift
gust,

Nor on great seas, nor where land's quaking
crust

Spurts lava and spouts death in ashy
shower, —

Not there alone in His gigantic power,
Do we revere the God in Whom we trust;

Nay, He is God of fruits and sunlit day,
God of the flowers and clasping hands of
earth,
Who moulds the marvels of a mother's
heart,
Yet, Love all beauteous, in created clay
Thou couldst not set a semblance of Thy
worth,
Only a silhouette of what Thou art.

ADORATION

LO, lightly swayed by the summer winds
Swings many a censer of silver and gold;
And the fragrance poured from the flowers of
earth
To heaven in grateful love is rolled.

IN A CHURCH

When first lighted by electricity

FLAMING corollas round great disks of
snow

And silver trefoils fashioned all of light

Flash out their molten petals on the night.

A field of flowers! How wondrous do they
blow!

What splendors from their burning faces flow!

Splendors, which would unveil the statue's
sight,

Deceive the sculptured angels into flight,

And poured thro' parting eyelids set aglow

Their hearts of stone, did they not slumber
deep

Enraptured with the glory of the Lord,

The snow-white radiance of eternity.

Dream on, fixt forms; and we'll away to reap

What further harvests Nature may afford

And pour them at God's feet unstintingly.

REMORSE

I SEARCH my heart in the morning sun
For the passion that burned there bright,
And naught I find save a pale, thin moon,
The ghost of a vanished night.

THE MARVELS OF HYGIENE

BENIGHTED pagans of a purblind age,
You thronged Rome's shows on mangled
limbs to gloat,
Untaught by ancient narrowness to note
What loftier lessons might your minds engage!
Our modern showmen cry, with thrift more
sage:

“Hygiene thro’ sin can sanctity promote,
Teach meekness by the slitting of a throat
And virtue from adulteries on the stage.”
“Let me this hygienic lore impart,”
Begs Satan in his last and best disguise;
“Put cautiousness for conscience in the heart,
And flame the eager blood thro’ curious eyes;
Then, look, the rash fruition of desire
Will risk disease or death or hell’s long fire.”

MY STANDARD

THE soldier loves his tattered flag.

Shall Christ's Heart win less love from me?
Bravely It bears the wounds of fight
And bleeds with love's full victory.

“HISTORY IN A BACK YARD” 6

WHAT, that back yard? Oh, some few
feet of sward.

No, not a lawn! That name were quite too
fine.

'Tis grass, whereon the random sunbeams
shine

With shifting, leafy shadows motley-marred;
No marvels will the hurried glance reward.

Mulberry, poplar, maple, a poor vine,
Odd flowers, one fence along a neighbor's
line, —

That's all! Those are the treasures of the
yard.

So had we thought, dear friend, but you uplift

The veil of custom from our purblind gaze;
You from your garden's garnered placers sift

Gold grains of truth, the driftage of all days;
And we may see thro' your divining gift
New Eldorados in undreamt-of ways.

TOO SOON!

*For a picture of the Infant Jesus
on a Cross*

MY Jesukin, why such a crib?

Let mother's sweet love fondle Thee;
Upon her breast Thy resting place
And there Thy chalice be.

Alas, that thou shouldst bring the Cross
To Bethlehem from Calvary!

THE WAY TO BETHLEHEM

I ASK not the call of a silver star
With a cold beam gleaming thro' the sky,
When You would have my heart come nigh
To be forever where You are.
Nor hasten my steps with angel chants
That daze with the wonders they reveal,
Where half in fearfulness, half in trance,
I am awed and in silent worship kneel.

But win me with looks of new-born eyes,
With hands held out from a mother's breast,
With weakness craving to be caressed,
With the plaintiveness of life's first cries.
Give me such summons, Lord, to obey,
And my captive heart will be thrall to them.
Ah, many Your calls, but be mine the way,
To travel by love to Bethlehem!

A CHRISTMAS WISH

MAY the hallowed dawn of Christ's dear
birth

Break white on the darkness drear;
Bring Merry Christmas to gloomy earth
Thro' the daylight of laughing cheer,
And flood with noon splendor of sunny mirth
The whole of the coming year!

A CHRISTMAS STAR

LOOK, out of the sky thro' the dark of the
night

Dawns the quivering point of a star;
One bright drop left of the wide daylight
That floods from a sun afar.

And out on the hills where the night wind chills,
A child to his mother has come,
And his splendor pales in dim, earthly veils,
Far away from his heaven and home.

But give me the vision of Magi eyes
Or the heart of the mother-maid,
And one star-ray shall light heaven's day
Where my Christ in His manger is laid.

OLD DAYS ON THE SUSQUEHANNA

THERE'S a spot that memory hallows,
With its stretch of pools and shallows,
Where the turbid Lackawanna meets another
river's roar,
And tonight my saddened spirit,
Seeks that childhood haunt and near it,
Where I saw the Susquehanna in the days that
are no more.

Ah, in joy I still remember,
How with comrades, lithe and limber,
Many a time we panting ran a hurried race
along the shore;
Then the luscious plunge and shiver,
And the splashing in the river,
In the cooling Susquehanna, in the days that
are no more!

There was swift or languid boating,
Floating, fishing; fishing, floating,
Till the hunger had made manna of the angler's
frugal store,
Till the tired hands thrilled with pleasure,
Lifting in a struggling treasure
From the teeming Susquehanna in the days
that are no more.

Then I hear the bright steel ringing,
And the songs when North winds stinging
Spread a level ice savanna where the ripples
sang before.

Still I see the rapid races
And the skaters' balanced graces
On the frozen Susquehanna in the days that
are no more.

Fair the streams of the Atlantic,
Fair the Western streams gigantic,
That down for Louisiana many mingled waters
pour,
They and other streams are famous,
But their charms will never blame us
If we love old Susquehanna in the days that
are no more.

Many a lad now long has slumbered,
Many a comrade now is numbered
With the hosts that sing hosanna, with the
angels that adore;
Yet tho' hushed their merry voices,
Memory hears them and rejoices,
Hears them by the Susquehanna in the days
that are no more.

So let hours be dark with sadness,
I can light them up with gladness,
By my dreams of Pennsylvania and of friends
I knew of yore;
And my worn and weary spirit
Finds a solace that will cheer it,
In the good old Susquehanna and the days
that are no more.

MIRACLES

THE comets cross our ordered sky
From some far off beyond,
Obedient to a greater law
And swung upon a larger bond.

A REQUEST

OH, you have seen him coming thro' the
door,

While, crying, "Mother, look at this — and
this!"

He spread a few found treasures on the floor,
And gazed upon cheap trifles with proud
bliss.

Then you, all kindness for the love you bore,
Looked thro' his eyes and saw not aught
amiss.

This is my all, the trinkets of my store;
So look on mine as you have looked on his.

AT LAST

SOME day a year will be begun,
Launched like a ship into the sea,
And glide down the tide
Nor ever another be launched for me.

Sometime a month its race will run;
And day on day go hurrying past
With beat of swift feet,
But not my ears shall hear the last.

Some morn a dawn will flood the East;
And ruddy hours will surge to white
Till day ebbs away;
But I shall not be there at night.

Some hour, their folded wings released,
A flock of minutes, sadly few,
 Alas, will all pass
And most escape one straining view.

Some moment — ah, when must it be? —
Will flame into a sudden spark,
 Nor die to the eye
Ere I shall fade into the dark.

So every day there slips by me,
Like an assassin in the gloom,
 With blade all arrayed,
The destined second of my doom.

NOTES

¹ *What an Irishman Means* by Machree has been put to music by George A. Gartlan and published by Leo Feist, New York City.

² *The Service Flag* is written to the air, *The Top of the Morning* (O'Neill's Music of Ireland, No. 1571, p. 291). Both words and music are published by the author of the present work. Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, publish the words and music of *The Flag of Our Skies*.

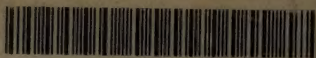
³ *Song for Fordham Men* is written to the air, *Ye Natives of this Nation*, an old Jacobite marching song, found in Joyce's Old Irish Folk Music and Songs, No. 33, p. 19.

⁴ *The Voices of the Irish*. — "I read the heading of the letter which contained the words, 'The Voice of the Irish,' and methought I heard in my mind the voice of those who were near the wood of Focluth, which is by the Western Sea." — *St. Patrick's Dream from his "Confessions."*

⁵ *To Mother M. Xavier*, written for the Golden Jubilee of the Sisters of Charity in New Jersey, which was celebrated by the dedication of St. Elizabeth's College Chapel. Mother Xavier was for more than fifty years superior of the community she founded.

⁶ "*History in My Back Yard*" is the title of an interesting brochure, revealing the history in common things and written by Dr. Lucy M. Salmon, Head of the Vassar History Department.

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